

*Kent.* I know you: Where's the King?

*Gent.* Contending with the fretfull Elements;  
Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,  
Or swell the curled Waters 'bout the Maine,  
That things might change, or cease.

*Kent.* But who is with him?

*Gent.* None but the Foole, who labours to out-iest  
His heart-strooke injuries.

*Kent.* Sir, I do know you,  
And dare vpon the warrant of my note  
Commend a deere thing to you. There is diuision  
(Although as yet the face of it is couer'd  
With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall:  
Who haue, as who haue not, that their great Starres  
Thron'd and let high; Seruants, who seeme no lesse,  
Which are to France the Spies and Speculations  
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin scene,  
Either in snuffes, and packings of the Dukes,  
Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne  
Against the old kinde King; or something deeper,  
Whereof (perchance) these are but furnishings.

*Gent.* I will talke further with you.

*Kent.* No, do not:

For confirmation that I am much more  
Than my out-wall; open this Purse, and take  
What it contains. If you shall see *Cordelia*,  
(As feare not but you shall) shew her this Ring,  
And she will tell you who that Fellow is  
That yet you do not know. Eye on this Storme,  
I will go seeke the King.

*Gent.* Give me your hand,

Haue you no more to say?

*Kent.* Few words, but to effect more then all yet;  
That when we haue found the King, in which your pain  
That way, Ile this: He that first lights on him,  
Holla the other. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Storme still. Enter Lear, and Foole.*

*Lear.* Blow winde, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow  
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,  
Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cackes.  
You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,  
Vaunt-curriers of Oake-cleaving Thunder-bolts,  
Sindge my white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder,  
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th' world,  
Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines spill at once  
That makes ingratefull Man.

*Foole.* O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry house, is  
better then this Rain-water out o'doore. Good Nunkle,  
in, aske thy Daughters blessing, heere's a night pitties  
neither Wisemen, nor Fooles.

*Lear.* Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowt Raine;  
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;  
I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindnesse.  
I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;  
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall  
Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slaue,  
A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man:  
But yet I call you Seruile Ministers,  
That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne  
Your high-engender'd Battailles, gainst a head

So old, and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foule.

*Foole.* He that has a house to put's head in, has a good  
Head-peece:

The Codpiece that will house, before the head has any;  
The Head, and he shall Lowse: so Beggars marry many;  
The man y makes his Toe, what he his Hart shold make,  
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake,

For there was neuer yet faire woman, but shee made  
mouthes in a glasse.

*Enter Kent.*

*Lear.* No, I will be the patterne of all patience,  
I will say nothing.

*Kent.* Who's there?

*Foole.* Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a  
Wiseman, and a Foole.

*Kent.* Alas Sir are you here? Things that loue night,  
Loue not such nights as these: The wrathfull Skies  
Gallow the very wanderers of the darke  
And make them keepe their Causes: Since I was man,  
Such sheets of Fire, such bursts of horrid Thunder,  
Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I neuer  
Remember to haue heard. Mans Nature cannot carry  
Th'affliction, nor the feare.

*Lear.* Let the great Goddess  
That keepe this dreadfull pudder o're our heads,  
Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,  
That hast within thee vndiuilged Crimes  
Vnwipt of Iustice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand;  
Thou Periu'd, and thou Simular of Vertue  
That art Incestuous. Caytiffe, to peeces shake  
That vnder couert, and conuenient seeming  
Ha's practis'd on mans life. Close pent-up guilts,  
Riue your concealing Continents, and cry  
These dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,  
More sinn'd against, then sinning.

*Kent.* Alacke, bare-headed?  
Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Houell,  
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the Tempest:  
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,  
(More harder then the stones whereof 'tis rais'd,  
Which euen but now, demanding after you,  
Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force  
Their scantie curtisie.

*Lear.* My wits begin to turne.

Come on my boy. How dost my boy? Art cold?  
I am cold my telfe. Where is this straw, my Fellow?  
The Art of our Necessities is strange,  
And can make vilde things precious. Come, your Houel;  
Poore Foole, and Knaue, I haue one part in my heart  
That's sorry yet for thee.

*Foole.* He that has and a little-tyne wit,  
With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,  
Must make content with his Fortunes sit,  
Though the Raine it raineth every day.

*Le.* True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houell. *Exit.*

*Foole.* This is a braue night to coole a Curtizan:  
He speake a Prophecie ere I go:  
When Priests are more in word, then matter;  
When Brewers marre their Malt with water;  
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,  
No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Sutors;  
When euery Cafe in Law, is right;  
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;  
When Slanders do not liue in Tongues;  
Nor Cut-purses come not to throngs;  
When Vsurers tell their Gold i'th Field,

And

And Baundes, and whores, do Churches build,  
Then shal the Realme of Albion, come to great confusion:  
Then comes the time, who lues to see't,  
That going shalbe vs'd with feet; *(time.)*  
This prophecie *Merlin* shall make, for I liue before his *Exit.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Gloster, and Edmund.*

*Glo.* Alacke, alacke *Edmund*, I like not this vnnaturall  
dealing; when I desired their leaue that I might pity him,  
they tooke from me the vse of mine owne houte, charg'd  
me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither to speake  
of him, entreat for him, or any way sustaine him.

*Bast.* Most sauage and vnnaturall.

*Glo.* Go too; say you nothing! There is diuision be-  
tweene the Dukes, and a worse matter then that: I haue  
receiued a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken,  
I haue lock'd the Letter in my Closet, these injuries the  
King now beares, will be reuenged home; ther is part of  
a Power already footed, we must incline to the King. I  
will looke him, and priuily relieue him; goe you and  
maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of  
him perceiued; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to  
bed, if I die for it, (as no lesse is threatned me) the King  
my old Master must be relieued. There is strange things  
toward *Edmund*, pray you be carefull. *Exit.*

*Bast.* This Curtesie forbid thee, shall the Duke  
Instantly know, and of that Letter too;  
This seemes a faire deseruing, and most draw me  
That which my Father looses: no lesse then all,  
The yonger rises, when the old doth fall. *Exit.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.*

*Kent.* Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,  
The tyranny of the open night's too rough  
For Nature to endure. *Storme still*

*Lear.* Let me alone.

*Kent.* Good my Lord enter heere.

*Lear.* Wilt breake my heart?

*Kent.* I had rather breake mine owne,  
Good my Lord enter.

*Lear.* Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious  
Inuades vs to the skin: 'tis to thee, *(Storme)*  
But where the greater malady is fixt,  
The lesse is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a Beare,  
But if they sight lay toward the roaring Sea,  
Thou'dst meete the Beare i'th' mouth, when the mind's  
The bodies delicate: the tempest in my mind,  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,  
Sae what beates there, Filliall ingratitude,  
Is it not as this mouth should teate this hand?  
For lifting food to't? But I will punish home;  
No, I will weepe no more; in such a night,

To shut me out? Poure on, I will endure:

In such a night as this? O *Ragan, Gonerill*,  
Your old kind Father, whose franke heart gaue all,  
O that way madnesse lies, let me shun that:  
No more of that.

*Kent.* Good my Lord enter heere.

*Lear.* Prythee go in thy selfe, seeke thine owne ease,  
This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder  
On things would hurt me more, but Ile goe in,  
In Boy, go first: You houselesse pouertie, *Exit.*  
Nay get thee in; Ile pray, and then Ile sleepe.

Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storme,  
How shall your House-lesse heads, and vnfed sides,  
Your lop'd, and window'd raggednesse defend you  
From seasons such as these? O I haue tane  
Too little care of this: Take Physicke, Pompey,  
Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele;  
That thou maist shake the superfluous to them,  
And shew the Heauens more iust.

*Enter Edgar, and Foole.*

*Edg.* Fathom, and halfe, fathom and halfe, poore *Tom*.  
*Foole.* Come not in heere Nuncle, here's a spirit, helpe  
me, helpe me.

*Kent.* Give me thy hand, who's there?

*Foole.* A spirit, a spirit, he sayes his name's poore  
*Tom*.

*Kent.* What art thou that dost grumble there i'th'  
straw? Come forth.

*Edg.* Away, the foule Fiend followes me, through the  
sharpe Hawthorne blow the winde. Humh, goe to thy  
bed and warme thee.

*Lear.* Did'st thou giue all to thy Daughters? And art  
thou come to this?

*Edgar.* Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*? Whom  
the foule fiend hath led through Fire, and through Flame,  
through Sword, and Whirle. Poole, o're Bog, and Quag-  
mire, that hath laid Knives vnder his Pillow, and Haliers  
in his Pue, set Rats-bane by his Porredge, made him  
Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horse, ouer foure  
meht Bridges, to course his owne shadow for a Traitor,  
Blisse thy five Wits, *Toms* cold. O do, do, do, do, do,  
blisse thee from Whirle-Windes, Starre-blasting, and ta-  
king, do poore *Tom* some charitie, whom the foule Fiend  
vexes. There could I haue him now, and there, and there  
againe, and there. *Storme still.*

*Lear.* Ha's his Daughters brought him to this paffe?  
Could'st thou saue nothing? Would'st thou giue 'em all?

*Foole.* Nay, he referu'd a Blanket, else we had bin all  
sham'd.

*Lea.* Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre  
Hang fatet o're mens fautes, light on thy Daughters.

*Kent.* He hath no Daughters Sir.

*Lear.* Death Traitor, nothing could haue subdu'd  
To such a lownesse, but his vnkind Daughters. (Nature  
Is it the fashion, that discarded Fathers,  
Should haue thus little mercy on their flesh:  
Iudicious punishment, 'twas this flesh begot  
Those Pelicane Daughters.

*Edg.* Pillcock far on Pillcock hill, alow, alow, loo, loo.

*Foole.* This cold night will turne vs all to Fooles, and  
Madmen.

*Edgar.* Take heed o'th' foule Fiend, obey thy Pa-  
rents, keepe thy words Iustice, sweare not, commit not,  
with